



said mysteriously—and tantalizingly. "He will not betray me to my cruel monster of a father."

"I saw you this morning riding with him," said he glumly.

She turned her face away and for a moment was silent. "Shall we take those chairs over there, Mr. Schmidt? They appear to be as abandoned as we."

She indicated two chairs near the broad portals.

He shook his head. "If we are looking for the most utterly abandoned allow me to call your attention to the two in yonder corner."

"It is quite dark over there," she said with a frown.

"Quite," he agreed. "Which accounts, no doubt, for your failure to see them."

"Mrs. Gaston will be looking for me before," she began hesitatingly.

"Or Mr. White, perhaps. Let me remind you that they have exceedingly sharp eyes."

"Mr. White is no longer here," she announced.

His heart leaped. "Then I, at least, have nothing to fear," he said quickly.

She ignored the banality. "He left this afternoon. Very well, let us take the seats over there. I rather like the—shall I say shadows?"

"Now, tell me everything," he said. "From beginning to end. What became of you after that day at St. Cloud, whither have you journeyed, and wherefore were you so bent on coming to this now blessed inter-laken?"

"Easily answered. Nothing at all became of me. I journey thither, and I came because I had set my heart on seeing the Jungfrau."

"But you had seen it many times."

"And I hoped that I might find peace and quiet here," she added quite distinctly.

"You expected to find me here, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I did not regard you as a disturber of the peace."

"You knew I would come, but you didn't know why, did you, Bedelia?" He leaned a little closer.

"Yes, I knew why," she said calmly, emotionlessly. He drew back instantly, chilled by her directness. "You came because there was promise of an interesting adventure, which you now are on the point of making impossible by a rather rash exhibition of haste."

He stared at her shadowy face in utter confusion. For a moment he was speechless. Then a rush of protesting sincerity surged up within him, and he cried out in low, intense tones: "I cannot allow you to think that of me, Miss Guile. If I have done or said anything to lead you to believe that I am—"

She laughed joyously, naturally. "You really are quite wonderful, Mr. Schmidt. Still I must change the subject. I trust the change will not affect your glibness, for it is quite exhilarating. How long do you purpose remaining in Inter-laken?"

"That isn't changing the subject," said he. "I shall be here for a week or ten days—or perhaps longer?" He put it in the form of a question, after all.

"Indeed? How I envy you. I am sorry to say I shall have to leave in a day or two."

His face fell. "Why?" he demanded, almost indignantly.

"I am having such a good time disobeying my father, Mr. Schmidt, and eluding pursuers. It is only a matter of a day or two before I am discovered here, so I mean to keep on dodging. It is splendid fun."

"Do you mind telling me where you are going to, Miss Guile?"

"First to Vienna, then—well, you cannot guess where. I have decided to go to Edelweiss."

"Edelweiss!" he exclaimed in astonishment. He could hardly believe his ears.

"It is the very last place in the world that my father would think of looking for me. Besides, I am curious to see the place. I understand that the great Mr. Blithers is to be there soon, and the stupid prince who will not be tempted by millions, and it is even possible that the extraordinary Miss Blithers may take it into her head to look the place over before definitely refusing to be its princess. I may find some amusement or entertainment as an onlooker when the riots begin."

He was staring at her wide eyed and incredulous. "Do you really mean to say you are going to Graustark?"

"I have thought of doing so. Don't you think it will be amusing to see on the scene when the grand climax occurs?"

All this time she was regarding him through amused, half closed eyes. She had a distinct advantage over him. She knew that he was the Prince of Graustark; she had known it for many days. Perhaps if she had known all the things that were in his cunning brain she would not have ventured so far into the comedy she was constructing. She would have hesitated—aye, she might have changed her methods completely. But she was in the mood to do and say daring things.

To be Continued

## POOR ROADS IN EVERY COUNTY

Only 150,000 Miles of First Class Highways in America.

### COACH TRAVEL IN ENGLAND

Conditions in England of Two Centuries Ago Can Be Duplicated in Certain Sections of This Land of Progress—Large Percentage of Unimproved Roads.

It has been estimated by careful government experts, says the New York Evening Post, that only about 150,000 miles of really first rate modern highways are to be found in the United States. The total mileage of public roads in January, 1915, was 2,273,131. The total mileage of all "surfaced roads" was 247,490, and it has been very nearly 200 years since our first American parents began to appropriate the lands of the aborigines so that they might redeem this land and make it the habitation of civilized peoples.

There are many striking parallels between the United States now and England in the time of which Macaulay wrote, something over two centuries ago. The most of the public roads here are little if any better than were the roads when Charles was king.

In his time the people objected to the laying of taxes for the construction of good roads. They do now in this country. They protested against working the roads then. They do now in this new land of light and liberty. When what were called "flying coaches"—a style of carriage which under favorable conditions of wind and weather and with ample relays of horses could go fifty miles the day—were first invented, there was much objection among the "special interests" because this innovation would interfere with their "vested rights," the keeping of inns where entertainment was furnished for man and beast; the untimely schedules of the coaches, which arrived too late for supper and departed too early for breakfast; the destructive effect the new business would have on the breeding of horses, and the general disturbance of settled conditions.

It was gravely recommended that no public carriage should be permitted to have more than four horses, to start oftener than once a week or to go more than thirty miles a day, and the king was solemnly petitioned to this end. Before the reformers of 1685 could get what they wanted in the way of good roads they had to fight for it. They got it, so that within a comparatively brief time after the conditions had become so bad they could not get any worse the building of highways began, and 30,000 miles of turnpike roads made life all the more worth living in England.

Isn't it strange that with the history and experience of all the countries of the old world to guide and warn, the United States should have chosen to make the same old mistakes on its own account and that, with all its unexampled growth and wealth, there should be at this day over 2,000,000 miles of unimproved roads in this country?

The poorest states in assessing values are not by any means the slowest states in public spirit. There is the state of Illinois, for example, with property assessed for taxation at \$2,455,993,345, with less than 10 per cent of its public highways improved; Texas, with property assessed for taxation at \$2,744,265,347 and less than 8 per cent of improved highways; Colorado, with \$1,309,559,205 of assessed values and barely 2 per cent of improved public roads; Nebraska, with assessed values of \$480,844,001, 80,338 miles of public roads and only three-tenths of 1 per cent of these roads in an improved condition.

If the people who lived in England three or four hundred years ago could come back from the land of shades and make a trip to the United States they would find the going in great regions of this country precisely as it was when they fumed and swore and sweated in the days of Charles.

Concrete Roads Are the Cheapest.

Concrete roads built in the United States during 1914 cost on the average \$11,921 a mile of sixteen foot width. One hundred and forty-four concrete roads built during the twenty years previous to 1914 cost \$12,706 a mile of sixteen foot width. Most concrete roads are sixteen feet wide. Upkeep and repair charges have been less than \$25 a year for a concrete road built in Bellefontaine, O., more than twenty years ago. The yearly maintenance of the fifty-one miles of concrete roads in Wayne county, Mich., costs \$25,42 a mile. It costs \$13.92 a year to keep up on a concrete road at Spencer, Mass. Concrete roads are not affected by the weather, traffic or mud or trash tracked upon them, as in the case with some improved roads. Freezing and thawing have no effect on them if properly constructed. Heat does not soften them nor cold make them brittle. Concrete increases in strength with age.

Wayne county, Mich., has the most remarkable system of concrete roads in the United States. This system was begun seven years ago. The value of the abutting farm land has been doubled in some instances, and all land has increased in value because of concrete roads.—Farm and Fireside.

## MAGGIE AND A MYSTERY.

The Dark Secret Was Revealed After the Maid Had Gone.

"And so," said one northern Pennsylvania street matron to another, "You let Maggie go?"

"Yes, and I made the mistake of my life, but I came to be afraid of her."

"A friend of her, for goodness' sake! Why, she always seemed so quiet!"

"You noticed perhaps that she always had one or two lead pencils stuck in her hair? Well, we began to find pencil marks everywhere—on the paper lining the pantry shelves, on the packages that came from the butcher and the grocer—the strangest, most mysterious marks."

"Well, I never!"

"Yes; I had read of thieves marking on gateposts and all that kind of thing—the way they gave information to each other. So I let her go. One day when my brother Fred was here I told him about it and showed him some of the pencil marks. Then he laughed and read them right off. One of the markings said:

"Don't forget to tell her we need mustard, macaroni and cheese."

"Another was interpreted by Fred to read, 'Two quarts of milk for Sunday,' and another, 'Bluing and salsoda.' 'Why,' said Fred, 'that's shorthand and mighty good shorthand at that. Sister, you have let a bird go.'—Indianapolis News.

## GREAT MARKETS OF PARIS.

Buyers in the "Halle" May Not Carry Parcels of Any Kind.

There are some queer customs and regulations in the "halles," the great Paris central markets. No buyer is allowed to enter or leave the markets carrying a parcel, however small it may be. To carry parcels is the privilege of the porters of these markets. Quaint figures are they in baggy velvet trousers, blue striped jerseys and big brimmed, round leather hats. They alone can be employed to convey from the market to the street outside your merchandise, whether it be half a beef or only a good fat hen.

Madame has to help in her purchases market women known as the keepers. These women sit at the entrance to the main division of the markets and for a small fee watch over all purchases brought to them. Many of these "salesladies" are wealthy. A portly dame, a small seller, wears a fine pair of diamonds in her ears and a sparkling solitaire on her ring finger.

Another character at the markets is the "cutter." When a sheep is brought to him by the buyer for half a dozen Paris housekeepers he cuts the animal into six portions and divides it among them. The purchasers draw lots for the best pieces and pay according to value received.—Exchange.

On Modern Man.

"The late Emerson Taylor, our consul at Port of Spain," said a Washington official, "hailed from Dry Run, and he had a fund of happy Dry Run humor."

"Taylor once compared a disgruntled brother consul to a Dry Run housewife."

"This woman," he said, "often took a queer, disarranged view of things. Thus she said one day:

"I don't think the prodigal son was so bad, after all."

"He wasn't no good to his family," said her husband.

"That's a fact," said the Dry Run woman. "But when he got home, all the same, he knowed enough to keep his mouth shut. If he'd been like the twentieth century man the first thing he'd done would 'a' been to find fault with the way the fatted calf was cooked."—Pittsburgh Press.

Languages in Switzerland.

Both French and German are the "official" languages of Switzerland. Public signs, such as those of railroads, are printed in both languages. Italian is also spoken in those parts of Switzerland which are closest to Italy.

As a matter of fact, the country is, however, quite definitely divided as to language. The cantons of Vaud, Neuchâtel, Geneva, Fribourg and most of Valais speak French. The canton of Ticino speaks Italian. The rest of the country speaks preponderantly German. The canton of Valais has different districts, where each of the three languages is spoken.

Film Realism.

"Do you suppose that was a real brick he hit that man with?" asked the sweet young thing as she and her young man sat watching the motion picture comedy.

"Of course it was," replied her escort. "You don't suppose after paying an actor \$10,000 a week they'd be such tightwads as to ring in a fake brick on him, do you?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Trees of Alaska.

The two national forests of Alaska contain about 78,000,000,000 feet of merchantable timber, and it is estimated by the forest service that more than 800,000,000 feet could be cut every year forever without lessening the forests' productivity.—Tree Talks.

Reached There.

Mr. Bacon—"That hat you have on is becoming, dear."

Mrs. Bacon—"Becoming? Why, it is."

"Is what?"

"Old."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Parliamentary Debtor.

Collector—"Did you look at that little bill I left yesterday, sir? House Member—Yes. It has passed the first reading.—Boston Transcript.

Sin every day takes out a patent for some new invention.—Whipple.

## THE COLUMBIA RIVER HIGHWAY

Will Be Dedicated on June 7 With Appropriate Ceremonies.

### GREAT ENGINEERING FEAT.

Road Skirts the Columbia River For a Distance of 150 Miles and Crosses the Cascade Mountains, Opening Up a Vast Territory to the East of the Range.

When Portland, Ore., fires the gun that will witness the opening of the tenth annual rose festival, June 7, it will also be the signal for the world wide dedication of the famous Columbia River highway, the new roadway recently completed through the gorge of the Columbia river. Until the building of the highway the gorge was impassable except by train or steamboat.

The first forty miles of roadway cost more than \$2,000,000, or an average of \$50,000 per mile. At one point on the highway the road is more than 700 feet above the river. It is known as

FOR MILES THE HIGHWAY HANGS TO PRECIPITOUS CLIFFS.



Crown Point, and a memorial to the pioneers of Oregon is now being erected.

The road was hard surfaced late in 1915, with the result that it is now open for tourist travel the year around. Recently the United States government set aside 14,000 acres from the Oregon national forest for recreation purposes. This land borders the highway and is a veritable fairyland, with its winding paths, waterfalls, fishing grounds and gorgeous scenery.

For miles the highway hangs to the precipitous cliffs of the gorge opening up one of the grandest views of the kind in the world. Crown Point is a view thirty-five miles in either direction east or west of the Oregon and Washington shore lines of the Columbia river.

When the highway is dedicated June 7 it is expected prominent men and women from all over the country will be present. Governors of all states are being invited. The president and his cabinet will be urged to attend, as will representatives of foreign governments at Washington.

An article in the American City has this to say about the Columbia River highway:

The Cascade mountains in western Oregon have hitherto constituted an almost insuperable obstacle in the proper development of the state. While the faith of the Oregonians was not strong enough perhaps to remove those mountains, it was sufficient to conceive and carry through the construction of a highway over them in a section requiring extremely difficult and skillful engineering. Thus the magnitude of the obstacle has been considerably reduced for the inhabitants of northwestern Oregon and southwestern Washington.

Despite the mountainous barrier, Oregon has grown rapidly. A real demand had arisen for a roadway which would make the so called inland empire—that vast territory east of the Cascade range—accessible by wagon or automobile to the people living in the region of Puget sound as well as those living over in the Willamette valley and in the lower Columbia basin. It is now possible for the first time in history to drive a wagon from the wheatfields of eastern Oregon through the Cascade range to the sea.

The Columbia River highway skirts the Columbia river from Astoria, near its mouth, running through Portland and extending to Hood River, a small town about 150 miles down the stream.

All steep and dangerous grades are eliminated. The new construction is of the highest type, and the tunnel in the face of the cliff at Mitchell Point, with the concrete viaduct approaches, is considered one of the most wonderful pieces of highway construction in existence. It is said to be equal to the famous Axenstrasse of Switzerland.

## HE WAS ONLY A NEWSBOY.

But He Had a Motto That Pointed to the Road to Success.

A newsboy stood on a blustery night with a pile of newspapers at his feet watching for customers at a subway entrance in New York. In a bantering way as a gentleman hurried by he said to the little newsboy, "You can't sell all those papers tonight." The lad looked up with a smile and said, "I can try."

No broad line or bundle day for this sturdy American lad or for the fine, wholesome man he is bound to be as he grows up.

"I can try!" Good for the newsboy who said it; a motto for the girl at school poring over her lessons, for the mechanic toiling in the shop, the merchant busy in the counting room, the banker in his office, the professional man at his desk, the preacher in his study, the architect with his drawings and the astronomer at the telescope.

The world has been built by those who can and who do try. They put to shame the idler, the sluggard, the drone, the complaining and the never-do-wells forever thrusting themselves forward to beg for special consideration.

The world would be better in every way if it had a revival of the good old fashioned spirit of self dependence that American fathers and mothers taught their children at their knees, mingling patriotism with their prayers. God speed the day when the spirit of young America shall be everywhere.—John A. Sleschier in Leslie's.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

An Ancient Legend That Every One Should Know by Heart.

There is an ancient legend of a man who faced the great day of final reckoning. He had lived as well perhaps as most of us while here below. At last he stood before the Judge of all the earth. His record was unfolded. The face of the Judge seemed to him to grow clouded as he traced its story. The record was pushed aside. The eyes of the Judge were lifted until they rested upon the man. The lips were parted as if the sentence was about to fall.

Suddenly from every quarter there gathered a shining host of forms which pressed about the judgment seat. They appeared to be in conference with the Judge. It looked as though with eager faces they were urging certain claims. Then they vanished from sight as mysteriously as they came. The Judge smiled, turned to a messenger clad in radiant robes of office and bade him conduct the man whose case he had just considered into the realms of the blessed.

As they moved away the man said to his guide, "Tell me, who were those who just now stood in numbers about the Judge and held converse with him?"

"Those," replied the conductor, "were friends who saved you. They were the deeds of kindness and of unselfish service you scattered far and wide while you lived on earth."—Detroit Free Press.

Merits of "Angelick Snuff."

Angelick snuff, the most noble composition in the world, removing all manner of disorders of the head and brain, easing the most excruciating pain in a moment, taking away all swelling and giddiness proceeding from vapours, etc.; also drowsiness, sleepiness and other lethargic effects, perfectly curing deafness to admiration and all humours and soreness in the eyes, etc. Corroborates the brain, comforts the nerves and revives the spirits. Its admirable efficacy in all the above mentioned diseases has been experienced above a thousand times and very justly causes it to be esteemed the most beneficial snuff in the world. Price is a paper, with directions. Sold only at Mr. Payn's toy shop at the Angel and Crown, in St. Paul's churchyard, near Chancery-lane. Advertisement in London Paper, Aug. 6, 1711.

On the Eating Line.

Tommy had returned from a birthday party, his round face wreathed in smiles.

"I hope, Tommy," said his mother, "that you were polite and remembered your 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you,' when things were passed to you."

"I remembered 'Yes, please,' replied the boy cheerfully, "but I didn't have to say 'No, thank you,' mother, because I took everything every time it was passed."

Some Job.

The man in the next flat was pounding on the wall.

"Look here," he cried, "I can't sleep with that kid yelling like that. If you don't make him stop I will."

"Come right in," said the baby's father. "You'll be as welcome as the flowers in spring."—Pittsburgh Press.

Beyond His Power.

"Woman," cried the big, burly husband, shaking his finger wildly, "I can read you like a book."

"That may be," retorted the little wife, with a queer smile, "but you can't shut me up."—London Stray Stories.

Definite Limits.

"What grounds of complaint have you against me?" asked the dentist.

"Ground?" scornfully echoed the patient. "I have achers of it."—Baltimore American.

The only man who never misses the mark is the man who never shoots.—Youth's Companion.

## HIGHWAY EVOLUTION.

In a decade \$1,000,000,000 has been spent in highway construction. Last year public bodies spent at this work \$250,000,000. This year it will be over \$300,000,000. Before the coming of the auto roads outside of city and suburb were of the most primitive character. National highways were not thought of. State appropriations for road work were made and spent for political purposes. The farmer had to employ the railroads to carry his freight a comparatively few miles. Today he uses his motor truck or tractor or his horses on well made roads.

Congress and the Interstate commerce commission are in duty bound to take cognizance of the transformation and economic revolution affecting all forms of transportation. A re-adjustment will come, but it will take time. There must be an evening up process.—Rochester News.

## CONVICT ROAD LABOR.

Success in Other States Influences Kansas to Make the Experiment.

One thousand miles of perfect roadway have been constructed by Colorado convicts in the past seven years. Colorado began to employ convicts on the roads in 1908. At first armed guards were used, but during the second summer the honor system was introduced, and it is still in vogue.

In 1915 the road operations were more extensive than ever, according to the report received by the national committee on prisons and prison labor from Warden Tynan.

"One of the most wonderful roads ever constructed in America has just been completed," Warden Tynan says, "after two years of blasting solid granite for eighteen miles along the Arkansas river. This opens up a splendid automobile highway from Kansas, up the Arkansas river to its source, over the 'continental divide' and to the Utah line.

"We have still another gang of men working in the Eagle river canyon on

this same route, and they have four years' work ahead of them. We are operating large power drills and steam shovels in our mountain work and heavy gasoline tractors and other machinery in our prairie camps."

Colorado convicts, in addition to the work, farm three large ranches, and next year a fourth ranch is to be added. From 50 to 60 per cent of the able bodied prisoners are employed out of doors.

According to Governor Hunt of Arizona, convict road labor has been very successful in that state, where it has been on trial for three years. He says: "The plan of employing prisoners on highways, generally speaking, has worked out admirably in Arizona and now receives the hearty endorsement of those officials under whose immediate supervision the roads and bridges are built. It has proved to be both humane and practical."

Kansas is just beginning to experiment with convict labor by placing a hundred men from the state penitentiary and a hundred from the state reformatory at work on building roads. It is planned to put only the most trustworthy men on road work. They will not be handcuffed or chained or kept in a barrack. They will be treated just as free labor. That is the way they are handled in Colorado.

Recently Kentucky adopted by a large majority a constitutional amendment permitting state prisoners to work outside the prison walls. This amendment permits Kentucky prisoners to be worked on the public roads.

Furnish Drags to Farmers.

Business men at Trenton, Mo., arranged to furnish parts for the building of road drags, with the idea of developing the dirt roads in the county. "We have supplied approximately 15,000 pounds of road drag iron free of charge to the farmers of the vicinity in the last year," says W. D. Stepp, secretary of the Trenton Commercial club. "The results that we have obtained are quite wonderful. I feel that we have the best county roads, generally speaking, of any county in the state. This matter of co-operation between the farmers and the townsmen we call the Trenton idea. It has resulted in much good and has made enthusiastic boosters out of a large percent of our people. This has resulted not only in better roads, but in better improved farms and all that goes with that sort of development."



CONVICTS ON ROAD WORK IN COLORADO.